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The Strange Case of Marcus Tullius Finkelstein

By JASON ALTER, '48



This is the story of a Latin School junior of thirty years ago who took his Latin too seriously. Maybe it was because he had been named after the famous orator of ancient Rome, but Marcus Tullius Finkelstein had a burning love for the study. Neglecting all his other subjects, little Tullius "burned the midnight oil" to prepare his translation perfectly. He memorized the syntax and notes.

Tullius was a meek boy of fifteen; had a long and pedantic nose, on which was perched a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles; and worshipped his namesake. I

can picture him now, hunched over his textbook, staring intently and "eating up" what the average student considers poison.

Marcus Tullius barely passed in his other studies; but in Latin he was a tower of strength. Surpassing every one, Tullius won the Classical Prize every year. His fellow-students naturally considered Tullius queer, and for this reason he had very few companions.

By the time Tullius had reached Class I, he was a fanatic. One time he had appeared in Latin class wearing a splendid white "toga," wooden san-

dals, and around his head a garland of roses. The amazed master rewarded him with five extra points in order that he might not embarrass the lad. This gesture encouraged little Tullius the more, and he walked up and down the aisles singing "Adeste Fidelis." His fellow-students were convulsed.

He continually brought in extra-credit reports. Little Tullius was so conscientious that one day, when in a recitation he got only a "4" instead of a "5," he took out a big red handkerchief, and began to sob softly. Another time he banged his little head against the blackboard, and even shouted nasty words from his huge Latin vocabulary.

Little Tullius had great ambitions. He dreamed of being able to lead a proud procession through the corridors, while every one bowed and shouted his praises. He had visions of huge signs, blinking on and off and reading "Mareus Tullius was here." Then one day something happened which greatly influenced the course of his life. It was just before Christmas. In those days, each home-room held a little party. All the other students had "pitched in" to buy little Tullius a present. It was in a big green package, and Tullius

opened it excitedly, thinking that maybe it might be a set of Latin books or something equally desirable. But instead it — was — a — *straitjacket!* Every one laughed at the joke. But poor little Tullius didn't laugh; he cried! And did he cry? For three hours continuously, not letting up for an instant, he wailed. No one could stop him. Then, outside, a familiar screaming of a siren was heard. Two men in white coats rushed from the ambulance, ran up the stairs, and seized little Tullius, who was still yowling at the top of his lungs. They wrapped him in the straitjacket, and that was the last that the students ever heard of Tullius.

Well, perhaps you think this is the end of the story. But no! After fourteen horrible years in a padded cell, Mareus Tullius Finkelstein was released from the Happy Day Asylum. Do you know where Tullius is today? Yes, you guessed it. Mareus Tullius Finkelstein became a Latin teacher in a private school in Spud, Idaho. There you will find him now, wrapped in his grand white toga, realizing the dreams he had begun as a pupil at the Latin School, those many years before.

That

By JULIUS LAPIDES, '47

My one desire
always afire,
Is forever That
Beyond me.

And so I yearn;
and yearning learn
Those things my
Hands can touch;

What a little I attain
In my earthly gain,
There is ever That
To inspire me.

And if my ideal
'I can barely feel,
I know—I've
Done that much.

Class Distinctions

By NORMAN A. MILGRIM, '48

Latin School boys may be divided into four groups. Others are merely variations.

The first, by far the most select, is the *Shark*. To understand the shark, we must dissect him. At first glance, he seems normal; but when we peer deeper, we find him endowed by God with a disproportionately large brain. He is, therefore, a superior being, potent and powerful. His name is spoken with awe. His word is law. The priceless bits of information he passes out before and during an examination are treasured. His report-card is a joy forever. It is a well of satisfaction to his thirsty parents; a fountain of inspiration to the uninitiated of Class VI and IVB. It is characterized by the absence of red, by grades often approaching and sometimes reaching 100, and by the lush comments of delighted masters. He is independent of gyp-sheets and inter-linears. Surprise tests strike no fear in him; big exams "feaze" him not. He knows all the answers, and then some. As the month draws to a close, his noble brow is untouched by worry. He knows his marks as surely as if he had written them out himself.

The second type, many times larger than the first, is the *Plugger*. He has above average ability, but is merely human, obtaining satisfactory results by the sweat of his brow. Plugger Type I is a somewhat unsociable character, as his waking hours are spent either in figuring out his average for today or studying assignments for the morrow. He may be recognized by any or all the following signs: (1) One of his shoulders is higher than the other, the natural consequence of carrying a heavy bag. (2) He is first in school each morning, and last to leave at night.

(3) He rushes from one period to the next. (4) He is a beast of burden. Plugger Type II has more amiable characteristics. He makes a few friends, all of them masters, who treasure him, send him on errands of all sorts, and use his name as an example when reprimanding industrious students with "Why aren't you like —?" This fine fellow has such a deep respect for his teachers that when sending his favorite master a box of cigars, for example, he encloses a card: "Fifty cigars make a box, but fifty does not make a passing mark."

The third type, taking in a large proportion of the student body, is the *Flunkee*, who fails or passes according to the whim of the master. He apparently considers study a lost cause and has given it up officially. He neglects his homework; brings home a red, white, and blue report-card; and becomes black and blue in parts of his anatomy. He gave Edgar Bergen his punch line for Mortimer: "I wonder how you can be so stupid." Many in this group develop such a love for their Alma Mater that they find it hard to tear themselves away and consequently remain a year or two longer than the others. Out of this group stream candidates for other Boston high schools.

The fourth and last class is that of the average B.L.S. boy. He is no shark, cannot find it in himself to live the hard, ascetic life of the plugger, realizes the danger of red as his favorite color, and works within limits. When he finds the going a little hard, he tightens his belt, *in extremis* consults the sharks before school, and passes with a flat sixty.

Which group do you belong to?

Suspense

By ROBERT H. GOLDSTEIN, '49

I walked up the rickety stairs, my heart in my mouth, and knocked at the door. There was no answer. Again I knocked, and this time I was rewarded by the sound of heavy footfalls echoing down the hall. The door was opened by a dark, heavy-set man with a stubble of beard. He gruffly told me to enter. Once inside, I was ushered into what was obviously the living-room, and there the man left me. I sat down and looked about. The room was furnished tastefully, but not expensively. The rug on which my newly shined shoes rested still showed signs of its former beauty, but was slightly worn. Like everything else in the room, however, it was immaculately clean.

I could hear the sound of muffled voices. Overwhelmed by curiosity, I tiptoed to the closed door, and, bending down, tried to overhear the conversation beyond. "He seems to be all right," said a kindly, feminine voice.

"Yes, but you can't tell by looks," answered the man who had let me in.

"I know, but I've heard many good things about him," replied the woman. Then the voices trailed off as the speakers moved away from the door.

I was worried! I had no idea of what these people were thinking or what they were going to do. I had just reseated myself in a worn chair, when the door suddenly opened, and out walked the bestubbed man and a short, friendly-looking woman. They came slowly into the room and sat down opposite me without saying a word. They remained there for a moment, just looking me over. Then the lady turned to her companion and said, "I think it's safe, George."

The man replied, "Well, if you think it's all right, I don't mind." Throughout this discussion I had been wondering what the outcome would be and hoping. At length the man arose and said, "June will be down in a few minutes. You see, this is her first dance, and we didn't want her to go with just any boy."

A Would-Be Writer

By PAUL SAWYER, '47

[*Author's Note: If you don't like what you are about to read, write your own stories so that trash like this will not be printed.*]

I sat down to write a story the other day; and as you read this, you'll see why I gave up. I sat wracking my brain for what seemed a long time, but I couldn't get started. After five minutes

of futile concentration, I got up; my mind was a blank. But I couldn't just give up; what would my admiring pals say? I had to write a story; even a poem would suffice.

I sat down a third time (lumpy, wasn't I?) and started to write, "Johnny was a 65% Latin School boy" (i.e., 65% in every subject). Something told

me that I had read a story of that type twice a year in the *Register* for the past four years. Maybe I could write about choosing a career? No! no! I've read similar stories at least five times before. Suddenly I got an Inspiration; maybe I could write an exposé of the *Register* room during a home-room period? It would be something new. No! Emphatically no! A decent magazine like the *Register* (plug) couldn't print what Miller, Barach, Shapiro and Co. say in there.

I could take an old magazine and use one of the old plots, couldn't I? No! That wouldn't be honorable. (I am an honorable man, you know. Aren't we all?) So you see, my plans were in vain. I've sat for hours (off and on); I'm too jumpy to sit still for more than fifty-nine seconds at a stretch. I've finally decided to submit these scribblings. If you really don't like this (there is a question?), you can write your own. Oh! I've said that before. Oh, well!

The Ordeal

By HARVEY SELETSKY, '47

"Johnny" Butler was an ordinary American boy. Nothing unusual ever happened to him—no fires, no murders, and surely no censures. O, yes, he was a member of that exclusive society, the Senior class of Boston Latin School.

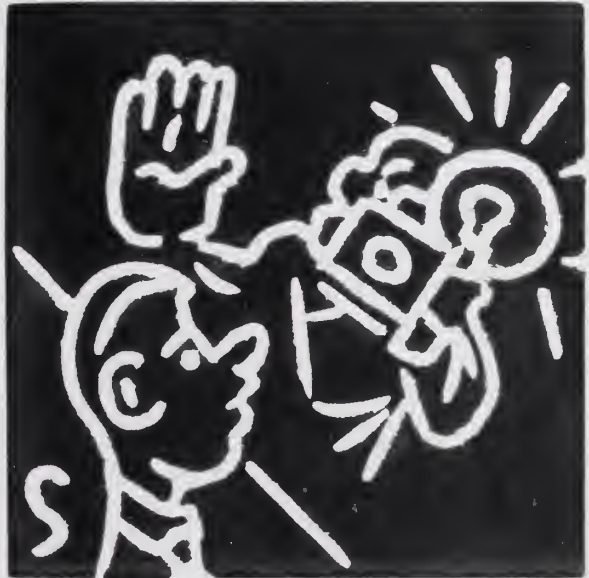
But now his time had come; there was something that he had to do. Orders had been issued from the high command. Every second brought him closer to his destination. He got off the "EI" and slowly mounted the steps into the fresh air. Everything was the same: the bustling of the crowds, the endless traffic, the splendor and glitter of electric advertisements. But "Johnny" didn't notice; he couldn't think of anything but what he was in for.

Then he was there. With dreadful apprehension he climbed the two flights of stairs. The sign on the door assured him that it was the right place, and in he walked. Although crowded, room was found for him.

Doubtfully he paid the price and was ushered into a side room. He sat down and waited. While waiting, he looked

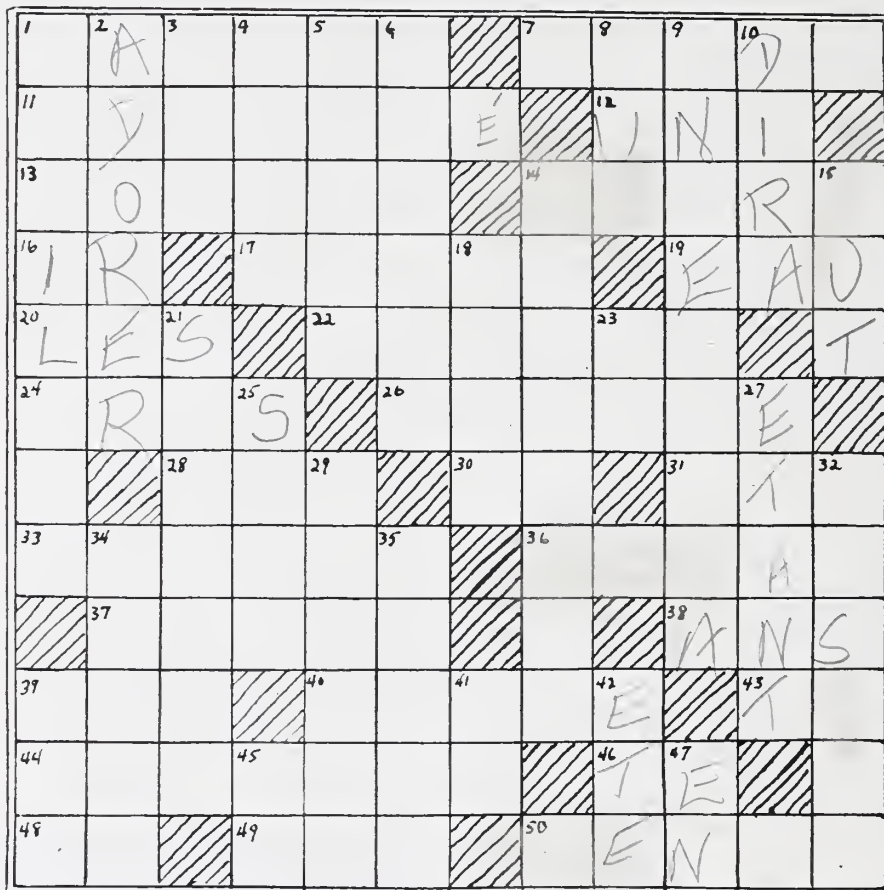
at the other victims. One by one they went through the door fresh and radiant. Minutes later they came out, worn and haggard.

Then he heard his name and resolutely walked towards the room. Suddenly he was rushed into a chair and held firmly. This was it. SNAP! His class picture had been taken.



Mots Croises

By EDWIN SCHLOSBERG, '47



German or Greek students will not find this puzzle too interesting. French scholars should. We admit that it may be difficult for *les enfants* but Class I should find it simple. Answer on page 34.

Across

1. French Tragedy Writer
7. Greedy
11. Skillful (pl.)
12. United (pl.)
13. To Sulk
14. A Star
16. Infinitive Ending
17. A Difference, Gap

19. Water
20. Plural Article
22. To Avoid
24. Skills, Artifices
26. To Oust (3rd sing.)
28. A Look
30. Infinitive Ending
31. A Season
33. Foolish Women
36. You Helped (P. Def)
37. Country in N. Europe
38. Years
39. To Have (1st sing., Sub.)
40. Mimicked
43. Pronoun

- 44. To Deserve
- 46. Reflexive Pronoun
- 48. Infinitive Ending
- 49. A Sword
- 50. Kind, or Sort

Down

- 1. French Satirist
- ~~2.~~ To Worship
- 3. A Vineyard
- 4. Iodine
- 5. A Relative
- 6. Bow (of a ship)
- 8. Inspections
- 9. He Interceded (P. Def.)
- 10. He Will Say

- 14. Attractive
- 15. He Had (Subj.)
- 18. Bank (of a river)
- 21. To Decide
- 23. A Pronoun, also a preposition
- 25. Landscape
- ~~27.~~ Pres. Part. of "To be"
- 29. Repetition
- 32. Wiped
- 34. Willow Tree
- 35. To Scatter, sow
- 39. Spirit
- 41. Infinitive Ending
- 42. A Season
- 45. Yew Tree
- 47. Some, or any

Latin School's Shakespeare

By JOHN E. REXINE. '47

Here are a few quotations from Shakespeare which readily apply to some person or event in the good old Latin School. It is certain that Shakespeare knew nothing of B.L.S., even though he went to a Latin Grammar School. (He was born too early.)

1. To the boy who has received the supreme penalty: "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

Hamlet, Act I, Scene III

2. Exclamation of a French teacher during a translation recitation: "Words, words, words."

Hamlet, Act II, Scene II

3. The words of a Latin teacher who cannot understand the stupidity of his class: "You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things."

Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene I

4. A Class I boy thinking about his physics mark: "O, horror, horror, horror!"

Macbeth, Act II, Scene I

5. A French shark, who is slightly conceited: *Je pense que je suis le bon éolier.*"

Henry V, Act III, Scene III

6. It may aptly be said of the members in the Dramatic Club: "One man in his time plays many parts."

As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII

7. When a senior looks back, he looks "In the dark backward and abysm of time."

Tempest, Act I, Scene II

8. Those unknowing little "Sixies": "What fools these mortals be."

*A Midsummer Night's Dream,
Act III, Scene II*

9. The members of Class I are all looking forward to their Class Day, "The uncertain glory of an April day."

*Two Gentlemen of Verona,
Act I, Scene III*

10. To those who came to Latin School and know they shouldn't have: "O, I am Fortune's fool."

Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Scene I

Decapitation

By TUNNEY LEE, '49

It was May, 1938. The little town of Toishan in the province of Kwangtung was quiet and peaceful. Kwangtung is in southern China; and, as yet it had not been scarred by the ravaging hand of war. But the time was to come.

The day was warm and sunny; the sky was clear and blue. My father and I had just come back from a visit to my great-grandmother in the country. As we were slowly winding our way home from the bus depot, the distant drone of approaching planes was heard. I wondered aloud about the presence of these planes (I naturally thought these were Chinese planes), for planes appeared in this section of Kwangtung infrequently and then only singly or in pairs. Then someone yelled: "Those are not Chinese planes! They bear the red disk of the Nipponese!"

"Ay-yah! Run for shelter!"

All was panic and disorder in the streets as men, women, and children ran looking for shelter. My father dragged me into a side street, and we ducked

into a doorway of a building. He ordered me to lie down on my belly as he did the same.

Then, a bomb exploded near-by and shook the building. My heart was in my mouth as I waited for the next one. A man in a doorway across the street tried to dash for a larger doorway on the side of the street. While he was still in the middle of the road, a bomb exploded very close. Shrapnel flew all around us, and my father told me to keep my head down.

The raid lasted for about fifteen minutes more; and when I finally dared to lift my head, I got the shock of my life. There, lying in the middle of the street, was the man who had tried to spring across the street **WITHOUT A HEAD**. And there, imbedded deeply in a wall, was a huge piece of shrapnel with a **MAN'S HEAD** on it. My stomach experienced a strange reaction, and my father said calmly, "Come, we must go home."

Resentment of Youth

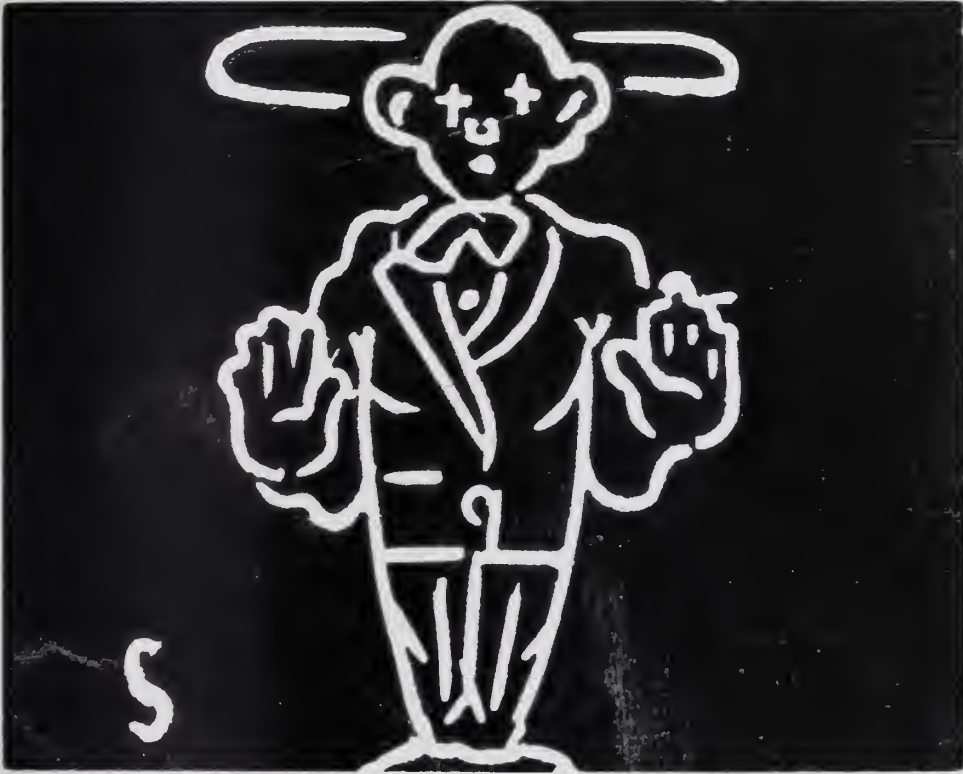
By EDWARD W. BERMAN, '47

We too are wise,
Though unblighted by Life's harsh ex-
perience,
Which hardens men's souls
And shuts them off from understanding,
Leaving them cold. . . .

We too are wise
With that which we know
Before we experience,
With that which we feel
Before we know.

Insomnia

By LEONARD GREENBAUM, '48



Why did I do it? Why hadn't I listened to my mother? She had warned me. Even my father remarked that he had read in the "Dorchester Tribune" that it was bad. You'd never sleep nights once you had done it. The thought of it would haunt you into the early hours of the morning. But I was a Big Shot! I knew better! No one could tell me anything. I knew all the facts. So, feeling very courageous. I did it; I drank a cup of coffee before I went to bed! I knew it wouldn't hurt me a bit, even if it was some mongrel brand that advertised that it contained 97% more caffeine than any other coffee.

That's how I came to be tossing in

my bed, readjusting the pillow, pulling the blankets over my head, and doing anything else that I thought would induce sleep. Nothing worked. I began to picture myself as the example in the coffee ad: "Drink Dranka, and you won't have sleepless nights like this." And I could feel the finger of accusation pointing at me from the top of the right-hand side of the page.

This thought added to my misery. The water faucet was dripping. Never before had I realized how loud it sounded—"Drip. Drip. Drip." It was referring to me. A cat's mew echoed through the still night air and was answered by another's yowl. The two noises drew closer and closer, finally welding

into one awful screech directly below my bedroom window. I could almost see the two cats circling one another, sizing each other up, and then (when some energetic neighbor had hurled an old cruller at them) vanishing into the night; mission unaccomplished.

Time passed slowly, and I started counting sheep: one, two . . . three hundred sixty-three . . . four thousand and nine. When I was almost in the arms of Morpheus, it happened: the sheep just wouldn't jump over the fence. They milled about, bleating, raising a rumpus, but not jumping. Finally, I saw the cause of the disturbance. A dozen sheep were marching back and forth with signs reading: "This man is unfair to Fence Jumpers' Union, Local #235, A. F. L." I was being picketed. One sheep carried a huge sign: "If this fugitive from English High can't sleep, why should we stay up nights?"

I immediately sent them all home and once more gazed at the ceiling. My eyelids flickered. I yawned, rolled over on my side, and lay there — wide awake. Hopefully I looked at my watch. Surely it would soon be dawn. What? Only Two-Thirty! Five more hours of torture! Could I live through it? Luckily my health and stamina acquired in classes in Physical Education was sufficient to sustain me through the darkest hours.

Finally, I hit upon the solution to all my problems; I would read a book. I turned on the bedlight and reached towards a book on the night table. Settling back with a sigh, I opened it to the first page: "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres."

"What in Heaven's name is this doing here?" I thought to myself. "When did I ever take home a Latin book?"

With a shudder, I closed that long-winded diary of the Gallie Wars and was about to give up all hope when I

remembered that my older brother had brought home a new book. That book my brother had hidden. With a gleam in my eyes, I tip-toed out into the hall. The light from the bed lamp did not reach that far. I hesitated, trying to remember where my brother had placed the footstool. It was to the left. So I walked to the right, and right into a bridge chair. Over it went, and I could hear my parents turn over in their sleep. Finally after bumping into every piece of furniture in the hall, I reached the bookcase. I tried to read the titles, but it was too dark. Seeing some matches in an ashtray, I lit one and found the book I was searching for. My heart skipped a beat, I pulled out the book, and with it came several novels, one anthology, a trot for Virgil, and two old copies of "National Geographic."

"Who's there?" yelled my father. "Is it a burglar?" screamed my mother. My father tumbled out of bed.

"It's only me," I called out.

"What's going on?" asked my brother as he joined the group.

I explained the whole thing to them, and everybody was just about to go back to bed when Mother spotted the book.

"What have you there?" she inquired.

"Ju-ju-u-st a book," I meekly answered.

My father took it, looked at the title; and thinking of his youthful days, he smiled. Then he remembered my mother who also had just read the title.

"Son," he growled with a purple expression on his face, "where did you get this book?" Overcome by the sudden transformation in my father, I weakly pointed an accusing finger at my brother.

"He brought it home."

The grateful look my brother flashed at me would have curdled a bottle of milk. In the midst of the ensuing lecture I sneaked back to bed. The last

thing I heard, before I dropped off to sleep, was my father preaching to my brother and my mother muttering: "How could my boy do such a thing?"



The Unruly Recruits

By PHILIP SHAPIRO, '47

Paul is proud of being a captain; but don't believe what he tells you about his company. What really happens is worth recording.

"Company, . . . Halt! Order, . . . Arms! At . . . Ease!" Paul took a rifle from one of the boys in the first squad, proceeded to show his company how the manual should be done. He had not progressed very far when an uproar came in the sixth squad. After spending five minutes trying to quiet the riot which had now spread through the whole company, he had his lieutenant take one of the offenders to the Colonel for disciplinary action.

He then resumed his exposition of maneuvers. "Now . . . Parade rest is a fixed position. The hand is closed behind the back, the left leg moved over a foot, and the rifle held out."

"But you said 'at ease,'" yelled his noisy recruits.

"Shut up!" yelled Paul.

Bedlam broke loose. In another ten minutes, half the company were holding their rifles over their heads. Then Paul resumed the manual, but the only way he could keep his company quiet was by keeping them busy with commands.

Another disturbance began. Paul was utterly disgusted. He decided to keep his unruly mob busy and started a long stream of commands.

"Company atten. . . shun! Right shoulder arms; left shoulder arms; order arms; present arms; port arms; order arms; rifle salute, two; order arms; left shoulder arms; present arms; order arms; parade rest; attention!! . . ."

In the midst of these commands, the Colonel came in and said, "You're supposed to be giving commands, Captain; not peddling fish!"

Paul waited until his superior had left. Then, after telling his company to put up their rifles, he went over and banged his head against the wall. He had given up.



The Last Conflict

By EMANUEL BALKIN. '47

Hushed voices filled the long, low room. The customary loud din and boisterous shouts were strangely absent today. Only a soft murmur of expectancy pervaded the chamber.

Gazing around at my surroundings, I perceived a dark, gloomy-looking place. It was dirty, and the paint was gradually peeling from the faded walls. A single glaring white-light was the only bulwark separating us from complete darkness. An icy sweat broke out on my forehead. Unconsciously, I wiped it away. What made me so nervous? Maybe it was this infernal waiting; or perhaps, the unceasing clippety-clop above my head.

From far-off a tumultuous clamor arose and continued for what seemed ages. At this signal, the room became a hubbub of activity. Every one stood up; and without realizing it, I rose also. Then, a man appeared at the door, and signalled us to follow him. The noise subsided. Carrying my heavy instruments, I followed the narrow passageway. Darkness quickly turned to light, and my eyes blinked with the unaccustomed sunlight. A few last-minute instructions, and then I took my previously assigned position. Now I was alone. My mind felt blank, and my stomach a little weak. I heard more of the loud din that I knew surrounded me. What made me tighten up this way? I had practiced innumerable times and had suffered actual rehearsals, under fire, at least six or seven times in the last two months. But this was the real thing.

A whistle registered upon my sub-

conscious mind. That was the signal. Automatically, without thinking, I began to work. I thought that, once I had started, my uneasiness would soon disappear; but it didn't. I grew tenser. I fumbled. I bungled. I blundered. Now, blue-clad giants began to reach out, to grab me. But I twisted, squirmed, and dodged away. They converged on me from all sides. Light Blue, dark Blue; dark Blue, light Blue—that's all I saw. They dragged me and piled me up and made me black and blue. Where were my stout companions? Had they been buffeted and subjugated as I had been? Or were they still fighting the overwhelming odds? Now, I saw; but it was too horrible. Then it was over. For this I had dreamt through six years, anticipated for two years, practiced for one year.

At least, I had escaped in one piece. I hurried back through the narrow tunnel, into the humid room, and made a quick change. Furtively, I slunk out into the street and hurried to a secreted spot, where I would be alone. No, nobody was following me. A few days later, slinking, I chanced to meet an acquaintance. I looked for a possible means of escape; but, too late — he recognized me. Soon, the conversation turned to the debacle.

"Gee, Joe, you cert'nly played a swell game; but those English High guys—they're too big."

"Yes," I agreed with him, "they sure are."

The tension was broken.



Sedentary Sport

By GEORGE S. GROSSER, '47

Demanding indeed are sports like football, track, basketball, hockey, and baseball. For a Latin School boy, however, diversion is welcome after the stresses and strains of homework. For this reason, there is in the school an unsung group of athletes who have the most harrowing task of all teams upholding the honor of their Alma Mater. These heroes sacrifice physical activity (and the pleasure derived therefrom) for the opportunity to add an even greater load to minds overburdened with the arduous demands of the Latin School curriculum. I refer to the Chess Team, on which I served as an active player (for the first time) last week.

One regular member of the team could not play for religious reasons; another worthy had to work that afternoon to obtain some "root of all evil," "moola," filthy lucre, or what you will. These absents gave me my big chance. The president of the club, being thus in dire straits, asked my aid. (I still wonder if that was a compliment or an insult. At any rate, I felt it my duty to uphold the glory of the school.)

We were the visiting team; the field of battle was Milton High School. As we were riding there on the bus, a member of the second team (I was on the second team, because let's face it—several players are better than I, and will be for another year, anyhow) informed me that we had an unbeaten record. I was already nervous, and his boast didn't help take any pressure off.

We were cordially received. As we had arrived late, we began to play immediately after hanging up our coats. I noticed that the player opposite was, if that were possible, even more nervous than I.

(Author's note: Please excuse the technical stuff to follow. If you can't play chess, skip it. If you can play, I apologize for the quality of the game I am about to describe. Enough of excuses.)

I opened with pawn to queen fourth, hoping for pawn to queen fourth in replay, so that I could use my favorite gambit (pawn to queen bishop fourth square, opponent's king pawn takes the pawn, and pawn to king fourth; later the king's bishop takes the queen pawn back) My foe decided to "cross me up" by playing pawn to king three as his first move. I then realized that he must have read a book on chess, too. I fell in with his scheme for the moment. He played a queen's fianchetto, which is the sort of thing one learns from a book. But I realized that it wasn't a "natural" move. (My psychology was correct; I later looked up the French defense, and found that queen's fianchetto was part of it.) The only thing to do with a memory artist like that is deliberately to make a move that isn't covered in the books is (a move too bad to consider) and let him work on his own initiative. Meanwhile, I castled and moved my rook to the king's square. At the same time, I used my king's bishop to cover a square that the opponent's king had to cross while castling. He never did get a chance to castle, and so got the weaker end-game. During the end-game, I passed up a chance to pick up his queen, which was covered only by a pinned knight! He withdrew his queen. My queen gave check, and my opponent blocked the check by moving his queen back to the very square she had escaped from. I seized the enemy queen

as a hungry man seizes a Parker House roll. A few moves later, I checkmated the king.

(Author's Note again: the technical stuff is over now.)

Milton High considerably issued ice cream to all participants in the match. If my teammates were as hot and dry and tense as I was, the B.L.S. Chess Team felt grateful to whoever was responsible.

Since my game was the second one finished, I talked with another Milton player about the match, pointing out that it was my very first interscholastic tournament. He replied that it was my opponent's second game in match play, taking much (though not all) of the wind out of my sails.

My ignorance of the rules of the match play almost cost one of my teammates his game. He was a pawn be-

hind, and the time was nearing five o'clock. (I didn't know that at five, all games must stop, and the player with the most material is the winner.) I chatted with the Milton player, who welcomed the opportunity to stall for time. Despite the handicap I had unwittingly inflicted on him, the B.L.S. brain-truster wound up a pawn ahead just before the clock's minute-hand clicked into its five o'clock position.

(Author's Note: Out of ten games played, the score was Latin 8 1/2, Milton 1 1/2. The half-points were for a drawn game.)

Exhausted by the travel and the nervous tension, I went to bed and took a busman's holiday by playing out the games of Niemzowitsch on my own chess set. Sometimes I wonder how my brain can take so much punishment.

Two Words

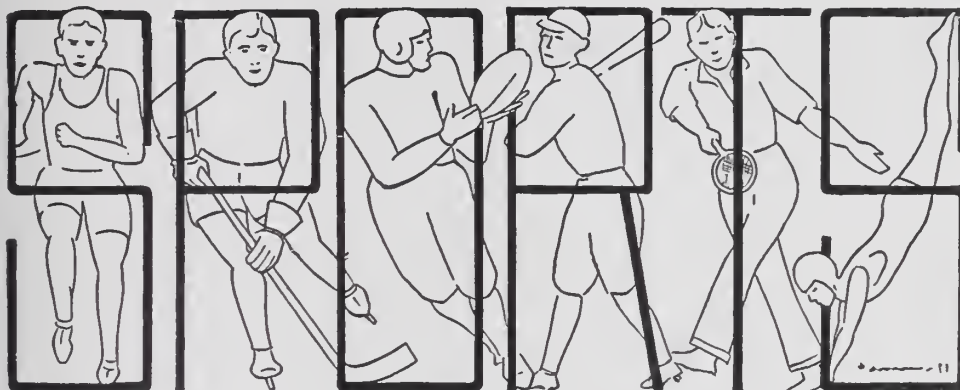
By LEONARD GREENBAUM, '48

Just two words were uttered by the youth, but their effect was startling. Before, he had been pushed about, disregarded, treated as a nobody. People had stepped on his toes and eyed him with scorn and anger. But now everything was different. Everything had changed. He was being treated like a human being. He had asked for a favor, and it had been granted. When he had spoken, he had voiced the request of many young men and boys in the same situation. All that it had taken to change the situation completely were two simple, everyday words.

As his voice rose above the rumble, everybody stared at him. Then, as he

came towards them, they moved aside that he might pass. Resolutely clutching his few belongings, he pushed his way into the sanctuary of a side street. Behind him was the stifling air and the jabbering noise of the crowd. Before him lay all the opportunities a youth could wish for: advancement, friends, education. Now these two simple words had changed everything. A moment before, he had been surrounded by chaos. Now, he strode firmly along the street, self-confident, and certain of his destination. To himself he marveled over the change brought about by these two words he had called to the bus-driver: "Rear door!"





Hockey

Under the guidance of new Hockey Coach "Eddie" Lambert, the Latin School hockey team is looking forward to a successful season.

With no new talent in sight, Coach Lambert relied on the eight holdover Letterman to form the nucleus of this year's squad. These men will bear the brunt. Despite lack of weight and height, disadvantages not new to Latin School teams, this team, which improved rapidly at the end of last season when it depended upon its fine passing attack

and excellent defensive play, has used the same tactics to cope with the opposition.

The usual necessity of a suitable place to practice (not in the wee hours of the morning) and long lists of ineligibles have dampened Latin's hopes of getting away to a fast start; but as soon as these difficulties are ironed out, Latin School's hockey team should measure up to some of the good teams of the past.

Trade Tops Latin

January 17: Hampered by lack of practise, the Purple and White sextet inauspiciously opened its season by dropping a 2-0 decision to Boston Trade at the Arena. It was a very close contest in which the score might have been reversed, had it not been for some very costly Latin miscues which only experience will remedy.

Trade was by far the aggressor during the first two periods but was held to only one tally, thanks to the brilliant defensive hockey displayed by

Rearguardsman Gene Higgins and Goalie Jack Barry. Trade drew first blood when early in the second period, with Higgins in the penalty box, Fred Police lifted the disc past the partially screened Latin goal-tender for the first score.

The game gained momentum as it progressed until, in the third period, only the brilliant saves of a Trade goalie, coupled with erratic play on Latin's part, prevented the Purple and White from tying the score and even forging



ahead to win. The Black and Gold registered their final marker with but three seconds to play, but only after Latin had brought up their defensemen in a vain effort to score.

Latin Line-up: Barry, g.; Quirk, rd.; Higgins, ld.; Terry, w.; Stein, c.; Crehan, lw.

Spares: Tomasello, White, Allison, Connolly, Sullivan, Cote and Kent.

—*Hockey Highlights*—

Latin's improved play in the third pe-

riod is a good sign of things to come. . . . It was through several lucky breaks that Trade prevented us from scoring. . . . Center Al Stein, Defenseman Gene Higgins, and Goalie Jack Barry were standouts in the game. Higgins and Barry were mountains on defense, while Stein paced the rapidly improving Purple offence. . . . Bob White, who replaced Higgins after Gene had sustained a foot injury when he crashed into the net, turned in a creditable performance.

Tech Crushes Latin

January 24: The hockey team tasted defeat for the second time at the hands of Technical High School. The Purple could not keep pace with the high-flying Technicians and succumbed to the tune of five goals to one.

The first period was a nip-and-tuck affair, with each side scoring one. Early in the period, Joe Crehan picked up a loose puck in front of the Tech net and slammed it viciously past the bewildered goal-tender. Latin's lead was short-lived, however, as Tech duplicated Latin's goal only one minute later.

With the second stanza only sixty seconds old, the defending "Champs" caught the defense napping and broke the one-to-one deadlock. Latin soon took to the offensive again, but too eager aggressiveness brought untimely penalties. Late in the period, Tech, playing with a one-man advantage,

forced the issue and scored again.

Latin fought valiantly to make a come-back in the third period, but the Buff and Blue showed the power of its attack by scoring twice more to ice the contest.

Latin Line-up: Barry, g.; Quirk, ld.; Higgins, rd.; Terry, rw.; Stein, c.; Crehan, lw.

Spares: Allison, Tomasello, White, Stevens.

—*Hockey Highlights*—

The Anderson brother duo combined to score four of Tech's five goals. . . . Goalie Jack Barry was injured by a high-flying puck late in the third period and was forced to leave the game. Altmeyer filled in meritoriously. . . . The Purple ineligibles "hopefully" await their report cards, and we "hopefully" await them.



Basketball

By ED SCHLOSBERG

The hoop season is here again, and the Latin cagers are enjoying another successful season under the able tutelage of Coach "Steve" Patten. With only two regulars left from last season, many long hours have been spent in molding the current smooth-working, effective quintet. Coach Patten has turned out a well-balanced outfit with a set of fast, clever forwards up front, backed up by two tall guards, who are excellent play-makers and control the backboard.

Holding down the right forward slot is the veteran of three campaigns, "Nat" Jones, a very tricky ball-handler who scores points. On the left side is little "Sam" Marinella, a clever, elusive forward with a deadly one-hand shot. "Fran" Collins, the "stringbean" center, provides height and is dangerous under the basket. At right guard is that "old favorite," Captain "Jim" Savage, who has started in every game Latin has played since basketball was resumed in 1944. His running-mate at left guard, big Elliot Corman, who saw frequent service as a spare guard last year, often teams with Savage in setting up the plays.

For substitutes Latin is gifted with several boys who can step into the line-up at any time and carry on the attack. Among these are sharpshooter Carl Shumrack, former J.V. high-scorer, at forward; "Dead Eye Dick" Walsh, a smooth-working sophomore forward; "Charlie" McLeod, another promising soph, at guard; and "Ed" Sullivan, a talented freshman at center. Other substitutes include Warren Finn, "Tom" Dowd and "Charlie Skinner, who have played on the Jayvees; and newcomers "Bob" Haffman, J. V. Ingall and "Joc" McSweeney, all Seniors. This year's manager is the omnipresent "Bob" Traves, who does everything from keeping time to getting Mr. Patten's hat.

Every member of the playing quintet is a threat; and with their effective teamwork and defensive play, they are a hard club to beat. There is plenty of stiff competition in the Conference this year, however, with an invitation to the Tech Tourney at stake. But like the Patten-coached outfits of the past three years, Latin will once more rank high in the Boston Conference.

Purple Cagers Score Shutout!

January 3: In the season's opener, the Purple and White did the almost impossible as they shut out a weak, disorganized Brandeis quintet by the amazing score of 48-0. At this writing Latin is the only undefeated, untied, and unscored-upon team in the country. The highlight of the contest was the great defensive play of the Purple in handing out the first whitewashing in organized basketball since 1940, and the first in New England for over twenty

years.

Mr. Patten's speed-boys ran rings around the dazed Brandeis team, and it was apparent from the start that the game would be a runaway. It was "Nat" Jones who scored the first basket of the season on a neat one-hander from the key-hole. In rapid succession Corman, Savage, Sullivan, and Marinella tossed in floor goals to give members of the starting five an equal share in the scoring. Savage tallied again on a free throw,

making the score Latin—11; Brandeis—0, at the end of the first quarter. At this point little "Art" Garcia and long, lanky "Fran" Collins took over the scoring reins. Collins, holding complete control of the backboards, dumped in four quick baskets, and Garcia "split the strings" twice more. Coach Patten then used all his substitutes, and they added five more points to run the count up to 28-0 at half-time.

With the frenzied crowd yelling for the Purple to preserve their shut-out, Latin kept up their furious pace in the third quarter, "young Ed" Sullivan tallied at the end of a slick pass-play, and "Sam" Marinella threw in a fancy hook-shot to start Latin rolling again. With the boys from B.L.S. taking advantage of the Brandeis floundering and porous defense, the score soon mounted to 42-0. Here the generous Latinites committed their only personal foul of the day to give Brandeis her first and last scoring chance. But the visitors failed to take advantage of this bit of hospitality, and that was the closest they came to scoring all day. Our third-stringers played most of the last quarter, with "Dave" Ingalls scoring once and "Bob" Hoffman tossing in two final baskets to give Latin a total of 48 points against a big "goose-egg" for Brandeis:

and thus history was made.

The figures show that the Purple and White made good on 21 out of 59 shots tried from the floor, while the enemy made only 11 wild shots, and never came even near the basket. In the free-throw department, Latin converted 6 out of 8, against one sole, futile attempt by the visitors. The two centers were the high-scorers of the day, with Collins netting 8 points and Sullivan 7. . . . The Latin Jayvees, paced by "Gerry" Manishin, won also by a score of 22-6. How the Brandeis JV's managed to score six points remains a mystery.

Latin statistics:

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	1	2	4
Hoffman, rf	3	0	6
Marinella, lf	2	0	4
Shumrak, lf	0	1	1
Walsh, lf	0	1	1
Sullivan, c	3	1	7
Collins, c	4	0	8
Dowd, c	1	0	2
Savage,	2	1	5
Finn, rg	0	0	0
Vitale, rg	0	0	0
Corman, lg	1	0	2
Garcia, lg	3	0	6
Ingall, lg	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	21	6	48

Latin Nips Rosindale, 21-20

January 6: At Boston Arena a plucky Purple and White quintet came from behind to nose out Roslindale, 21-20, in a thrill-packed "nip and tuck" contest. It was strictly a defensive battle until the hectic fourth quarter when the game broke wide open. The lead saw-sawed back and forth time and again, and Latin finally came out on top in the closing minutes of play.

The game started slowly, as Latin

played cautiously in the first quarter and had trouble penetrating Roslindale's zone-defense. B.L.S. had capitalized on only two out of nine free throws and as a result trailed by a score of 3-2 at the period mark. "Nat" Jones kept Latin in the ball game in the second quarter by throwing in two long "one-handers" and also adding a free toss, but at half time Roslindale led, 10-7. Latin had had difficulty getting used to the

Arena's streamlined court, and many easy points had been popping in and out of the basket.

The Purple broke fast from the opening whistle in the second half; and before the enemy knew what had hit them, Marinella "hooked one in" and Corman tallied from up close to give Latin a quick 11-10 lead. In the final period Roslindale took the initiative and went out in front, but each time "Jim" Savage threw in two points to regain the lead. Roslindale then converted a "gift shot," and the score was tied at 15 all. Here the indomitable "Fran" Collins took over and netted two field goals to give Latin a 19-16 edge. With time running out, Roslindale roared right back with another basket, and then went out in front, 20-19, through a lapse in the Latin defense. With a minute-and-a-half left to play "Little Sam" Marinella stole the ball, eluded two guards, and sank one of

his patented hook-shots to put the Purple out in front, 21-20. Latin later took the ball off-side; and, playing like seasoned veterans, they skillfully froze the ball to preserve the one-point margin and a hard-earned victory.

The floor-work and defensive play of Savage and Jones was outstanding, and Marinella really came through when it counted. Latin's inability to convert their foul shots nearly proved fatal, as they got only 5 for 17; while Roslindale was not much better with 6 out of 15.

Latin figures:

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	2	1	5
Marinella, lf	2	2	6
Shumrak, lf	0	0	0
Sullivan, c	0	0	0
Collins, c	2	0	4
Savage, rg	1	2	4
Corman, lg	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	8	5	21

Latin Jolts J. P. 52-33

January 10: Latin journeyed to Jamaica Plain to trample the home-town-ers under a 52-33 count. It was a fast, rugged game in which the Purple grabbed an early lead, never to be headed. Marinella, the "Mighty Midget," was the "big man," with 18 points.

The Purple and White held a wide edge in floor play and had little trouble solving J.P.'s "zone." "Jim" Savage got Latin off to a flying start when he sank a basket and two fouls. At the end of the quarter B.L.S. led, 12-7. Marinella was accurate on his push shots from the corner, and "Little Sam" and big "Elmore" Corman did all the scoring in the second period as the score rose to 23-12, at half time.

In the second half J.P. changed to a tight man-to-man and turned the game

into a "rough-and-tumble" contest, featured by foul shots. During the fracas in the third quarter, Collins and Marinella each tossed in three baskets to make the score 39-22. In the final period "Dick" Walsh and "Charlie" McLeod led the scoring, and Latin walked off the floor with a 52-33 victory.

At times the tilt looked more like a football game, (Shumrak being the "football"), and there were 46 foul shots called. The boys from B.L.S. bagged 10 out of 26 free throws against 5 out of 20 for the opposition. Our Jayvees had little competition and breezed to a 16-4 win as "Tony" Vitale set the pace.

Latin statistics:

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	0	3	3

Shumrak, rf	0	0	0	Savage, rg	2	3	7
Marinella, lf	8	2	18	McLeod, lg	2	0	4
Hoffman, lf	0	0	0	Corman, lg	2	1	5
Walsh, lf	3	1	7	Finn, lg	0	0	0
Collins, c	4	0	8	—	—	—	—
Sullivan, c	0	0	0		21	10	52

Purple Pulverizes Charlestown

January 13: The Purple and White hoopsters drew another "breather" and romped to an easy 53-12 win at Charlestown. Mr. Patten's boys, in addition to controlling both backboards, threw up an almost insurmountable defensive barrier.

Latin, slow in getting accustomed to the foreign surroundings, could not hit their stride during the first period. Corman dropped in the initial basket at the end of a smooth set-up play and added a three throw when "fouled in the act." A basket and two fouls by Jones accounted for the other four points as Latin led at the quarter. In the second quarter B.L.S. started rolling as all the first-stringers "dented the twine," and the score stood 24-5 in our favor at half time. The second half was played at a fast pace, which saw Latin's fleet-footed forwards Marinella and Jones continually breaking loose. They raised their individual totals for the game to 15 and 13 points, respectively. Coach Patten sent in all his "subs" at the end of the third quarter. "Joe" McSweeney set paced his teammates on the J.V. by throwing in a beautiful "swisher" to make the score read 40-10, going into the last period. The rout continued,

and Latin finally won by the lopsided score of 53-12.

The Purple got only 7 foul shots in 19 attempts, compared with 4 for 9 by Charlestown. Our "Juniors" also remained undefeated by trouncing Charlestown's J.V.'s, 31-20. Although Latin won both games as expected, there was still one big upset: "Wild Bill" Monafio accidentally knocked over a whole row of lockers and a *Register* sportswriter in the bargain.

Latin tabulation:

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	5	3	13
Hoffman, rf	0	0	0
Marinella, lf	7	1	15
Shumrak, lf	0	0	0
Walsh, lf	1	0	2
Collins, c	2	0	4
Sullivan, c	1	0	2
Dowd, c	0	0	0
Savage, rg	4	1	9
Skinner, rg	0	0	0
McSweeney, rg	1	0	2
Monafio, rg	0	0	0
Corman, lg	2	2	6
McLeod, lg	0	0	0
Ingall, lg	0	0	0
	23	7	53

Latin Topples Tech 27-22

January 16: The Latin cagers, meeting their first real opposition of the season, invaded Boston Garden to take on

a powerful Tech quintet. The Purple jumped out to a seven-point lead at half-time, but had to put on an end-

game rally to win after Technical had tied the game in an exciting final spurt. "Jonesy" was high scorer with 9 points, followed by Collins with 7; but far and away the best performance of the day was turned in by Captain "Jim" Savage. "Genial Jim" gave a truly great exhibition of guarding, in holding Tech's scoring ace, Torosian, to four points and blocking more than a dozen of his shots.

It was Savage who scored first for Latin when he popped in his own rebound, and he added another tally before the close of the period to give Latin a 5-4 lead. Jones "swished in" a long one and a charity toss, and Walsh and Collins also chipped in with floor goals to make it 12-5, in our favor, at the half. Near the end of the third quarter after two baskets by Corman had increased Latin's lead to 19-8, Tech staged a come-back. They roared through with six baskets and a foul, while Latin could garner only two successful free throws; and at the half-way mark in the last quarter the score was tied at 21 all. Then, with less than two minutes left, "Fran" Collins electrified the crowd when he jumped up and bat-

ted in a rebound to put Latin out in front. Tech's forward was "fouled in the act"; and after sinking the first free shot, Tech decided to take the ball off-side and gamble on a quick victory. The strategy backfired, however, when Latin intercepted the ball, and it was fed to "Jonesy," who streaked down the court to score on a breakaway to make it 25-22. Just as the final whistle sounded, "Nat" flipped in another long shot from the corner, making the final score Latin—27; Tech—22.

Although Tech had held the height advantage, they were unable to match the Latinites in speed; and it was this speed that gave Latin the edge. The Purple also maintained their supremacy at the foul line, sinking 5 out of 12 against 4 for 14 for their opponents.

Latin statistics:

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	3	3	9
Marinella, lf	0	1	1
Walsh, lf	1	0	2
Collins, c	3	1	7
Savage, rg	2	0	4
Corman, lg	2	0	4
	—	—	—
	11	5	27

Purple and White Win No. 6

January 21: The high-flying Latin quintet added Roxbury Memorial to its list of victims as they rode out in front of 28-19 score. Our great defensive expert, "Jim" Savage, stepped into the role of high-scorer to rack up thirteen points, his "all-time high" at B.L.S.

Memorial seized a 3-0 lead at the outset, but a neat basket by Marinella and three points by "Flash" Walsh put Latin out in front to stay. The score at the period was 9-5. In the second quarter both teams missed many opportunities, and three straight charity

tosses by Savage were all Latin could score to make their lead at half-time 12-8. Again it was Savage on "lay-ups" and Marinella with his "one-handers" who between them accounted for all but two of Latin's sixteen in the second half. Outside of this display the contest was uneventful, and the final score stood Latin—28; Memorial—19.

Latin had taken only 37 shots at the basket but made good on 11 of these, mostly from "Up-Close." On the other hand, Memorial, stymied by the Purple defense, was forced to try many long

shots and could notch only five floor goals in 46 attempts. In the foul department Latin clicked on six out of ten, with Memorial bagging nine out of nineteen.

The Jayvees pulled out a close fourteen to thirteen decision over Roxbury in overtime as "Joe" Doherty and "Jim" Callias were the key performers.

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>			
Walsh, rf	1	1	3	—	—	—
				11	6	28



Winning Streak Broken; Latin Loses 29-27

January 23: A close battle, staged at the Commerce gym, saw Latin fade in the second half and succumb to a "last ditch" rally by the home five. The Purple victory streak was stopped at six straight when Commerce barely nosed them out, 29-27.

Latin was playing against a man-to-man defense for the first time, and they showed marked superiority in the first half, breaking away nicely to flick in their lay-up shots. Latin led, 8-6, at the end of the initial stanza. "Jim" Savage and Corman, each sinking second baskets, soon increased this lead to 15-6; but Commerce netted two baskets to reduce it to 15-10 at the half.

In the third quarter, the "sharp shooting" Bookkeepers got "hot" and wiped out their five-point deficit; but "Jim" Savage caged a long-set shot, and Jonesy" added a foul to make it 20-17 going into the final period. The Latin regulars, who played the whole game, were beginning to show signs of wear; while Commerce first-stringers were well rested. Savage threw in three more points, but the enemy began making long shots and tied the score at "23 all." Then "Fran" Collins, once more coming through in the clutch, sank a pivot

McLeod, rf	0	0	0
Marinella, lf	4	2	10
Collins, c	1	0	2
Shumrak, c	0	0	0
Savage, rg	5	3	13
Jones, lg	0	0	0
Corman, lg	0	0	0

shot to give us the lead, only to have Commerce tie it up again. Then, with a little over a minute remaining, "Fran" flipped in two free throws to make it 27-25. At this point the Latin boys were passing wildly, and again they saw their lead slip away. Twice Commerce "dented the strings" on long shots with only seconds remaining, and Latin was vanquished for the first time. The final score: Commerce, 29—Latin, 27. It was a tough one to lose; but now that the tension is broken, Latin should profit by their experience and attack the hard part of the schedule ahead with renewed determination.

McSweeney's Maulers, otherwise known as the J.V., afforded Latin its only consolation when they battered out a 28-14 victory to remain undefeated. Manishin was again high scorer with 9 points.

Statistics:

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	2	2	6
Marinella, lf	0	1	1
Collins, c	2	2	6
Savage, rg	4	2	10
Corman, lg	2	0	4
	—	—	—
	10	7	27

Latin Upsets Southie 22-21

January 27: Playing before a home crowd once again, the Purple and White knocked South Boston from the ranks of the unbeaten in a thrilling 22-21 encounter. The victory lifted Latin into a five-way tie for top honors in the Boston Conference.

The teams were very well matched, and the game started at a slow pace. "Fran" Collins got the Purple away to an early lead when he scored twice from under the basket to make the score 4-3 at the period and give B.L.S. a lead which they never relinquished. Early in the second quarter a set shot by Savage and a "pop" shot by Walsh found their mark and Latin led, 8-3; but again the tempo slowed, and free throws by Collins and Savage brought the half-time score to Latin 10, Southie 6. Mr. Patten's charges hit their stride at the beginning of the third quarter and piled up a big enough lead to withstand South Boston's end-game rally. First Jones and Savage both swished in "one-handers" to make it 14-10, and then "Jonesy" and Marinella threw in a floor goal and a charity throw apiece to stretch the lead to 20-10. But Southie's super-scorer, Duggan, managed to get away from "Jim" (The Leech) Savage, and closed the gap to 20-15 going into the fourth period. With Latin taking the defen-

sive, the score went to 20-17, at the half-way mark. Then, on a breakaway, Jones fed the ball to Walsh, who dropped it in to give Latin what proved to be its winning basket. Southie fought back valiantly and climbed to within one point of a tie with about a half-minute left to play. This time the tiring Purple, with victory in sight, managed to keep possession of the ball till the final whistle, and they walked off with a 22-21 decision as pandemonium broke loose in the Latin School gym.

Latin's team-work, at its best today, was slightly superior to the enemy's, and this meant the difference between victory and defeat. Both teams were "off" at the foul line with B.L.S. notching 4 out of 15 to Southie's 3 out of 14; but here again Latin's one-point margin was enough to win. Unfortunately, our Jayvees went down to their first defeat of the year, 15-8, with "Howie" Meserve the top scorer in a losing cause.

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	2	1	5
Marinella, lf	1	1	3
Walsh, lf	2	0	4
Collins, c	2	1	5
Savage, rg	2	1	5
Corman, lg	0	0	0
	<hr/> 9	<hr/> 4	<hr/> 22

Clothes that make the grade

For a major course in smart clothes try Kennedy's famous Undergrad Shop . . . the place where all up-and-coming young men gather for the smartest clothes in the classroom or on the campus. You'll find jackets, slacks, topcoats, suits and furnishings with just the right amount of dash and color . . . style and wearability . . . to rate a Grade A report in any school.



KENNEDY'S UNDERGRAD SHOP

Track

Once again Coach Fitzgerald has gathered a promising array of tracksters in anticipation of a victorious season. The Purple and White have a wealth of young talent in Classes "C" and "D"; and if it were not for an unusually weak Class A-B entry, Latin would be a very powerful contender for top honors in Boston. Of course, with Boston English still in the league, first place in the Regimentals is only the remotest of possibilities.

In Class A-B Coach Fitzgerald has

only four able candidates, two of them lettermen, who moved up from Class C. In this year's Class C, there are, however, no less than an even dozen returning lettermen, who form the nucleus of the team's scoring power. The also powerful Class D derives most of its strength from a pair of "old" standbys from last year's team, plus some promising youngsters developed in Mr. Gordon's aggregation of Class V and VI boys.

Latin Edged in Quad Meet

January 21: A strong Latin outfit ran up 102 points in the opening meet of the season at East Armory, but still lost out to a better-balanced Technical team, 112 to 102. Trade with 49 points and Dorchester with 21, brought up the rear.

Latin's weakness in "AB" was what lost them the meet: for Tech won almost every event in that class to outscore Latin 52 to 16. Lanky "Joe" Delang was a pleasant surprise in "AB," coming up with a victory in the high jump and a second in the hurdles, for a total of eight points, the highest in his class. "Joe" Rosen finished second in the "600," being just nipped at the tape; and "Eddie" Dempsey won three points in the "1000" by winning another second. "Burt" Eyges in the "440" was the only other point-scorer.

In Class C Latin showed overwhelming strength, taking first place in all eight departments, including field events and relay. "Cy" DelVecchio set the pace with firsts in the hurdles and broad-jump to become one of the meet's two

double-winners. "Gerry" Diamond turned in his usual victory in the dash in near record time. "Larry" Sperber broke the tape in the "220," with Lee Markoff right behind him. Kimon Loukas outdistanced the field in the "440." The B.L.S. "Strong Boy" Mike Mabry netted five more points in the shot-put as did "Tom" Bonner in the high jump. The quartet of Diamond, Markoff, Meterparel, and Treanor completed the cycle with a victory in the relay.

The Latin youngsters in Class D also gave a creditable performance, piling up 37 more points. "Jack" Goldberg exactly duplicated DelVecchio's feat in Class C by breezing to victory in the hurdles and broad jump. Young "Bob" Pearson, one of Mr. Gordon's boys, came through to win the fifty-yard dash and "Jim" Jones scored five more points, with a "second" in the high jump and a "third" in the "220." The "D" relay team, aided considerably when their two nearest rivals "fell flat on their face," came in first.



EDITORIALS₀₈

On Street Cars and Buses

Drawing his saber from its sheath, the barrel-chested youth shouted, "Charge!" At his command scores of Latin School boys, firmly clutching their bookbags, rushed upon a helpless streetcar. Shouting their battle cry, "Geronimo," they trampled upon elderly men and women who stood in their way. Nothing could check their violent onslaught. After pushing the girls aside and hacking at persistent people with compasses, the students finally cleared a path before them. Renewing their fiendish screaming, they scrambled onto the streetcar, entirely disregarding the people attempting to get off. After being relieved of their pupil's tickets, they dashed madly to the rear of the car. In the process, they stepped on people's toes, elbowed others, and then swore because no one stood up to give them seats. However, finally seating themselves under a huge "No Smoking" sign, the "pride" of Latin School took out their "packs." Happily shouting, swearing, and smoking, the prospective graduates of B.L.S. rode homeward.

To make a short story shorter, the above account describes with reasonable accuracy the prevailing situation. It is nothing to be proud of. Any one so self-centered and inconsiderate as to push others aside to get a seat on a streetcar, certainly isn't a typical Latin School boy. But if these conditions continue, the "pusher," the "seat-hog," and the "big-shot smoker" will become the characteristic B.L.S. student.

If you are one of the three "characters" referred to above, try to use your imagination and place yourself in your victim's shoes. How would you like a "fresh kid" to push *you* around? It would take superhuman self-control to avoid "hauling off and socking him." Perhaps you will, twenty years from now, be boarding a bus when combination football players and track men will block you and let their friends dash into the vehicle. At that point, you wouldn't have the remotest right to complain; for you helped set the example when you went to school.

Think of it from another angle! How would you feel if some young fool pushed your mother aside? You wouldn't like it, would you? But do you hesitate to shove aside anybody—older man or woman, child or girl—when you want to get a seat?

If you are a "seat-hog" or a "pusher," realize what you're doing. "Smarten up." Stop pushing, shoving, yelling. It won't make the car go faster. If you want to be a "big shot" and smoke, wait until you get home and entertain your Dad by blowing smoke rings. He might enjoy your accomplishment. Consider other people's feelings and act accordingly. Apply the "golden rule," and you can't go wrong. The next time you're getting on a streetcar or bus, just remember to "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

A Note of Explanation

The misdemeanor-mark system employed at Latin School is always a bewildering aspect in our school life. In the hope of clarifying this little-understood subject for new boys, I am writing these words.

The disciplinary system is simple to understand, once its purposes are set forth. It is used primarily to prevent uproars, insurrections, catastrophes, massacres, murders, desecrations of all sorts, and other minor disturbances which might entail the interruption of classes. In order to enable the new student to visualize the application of the dreaded mark, I have prepared the following list:

(1) Running is considered a serious offense, and in many a case one or two marks have been recommended. Throwing is an even more serious offense; and when one is caught throwing a knife, especially at a teacher, the offender may be sure at least, of lunch-room duty, and possibly (if he hits his target) a censure.

[At this point I think it proper to explain the censure. It was taken, at the suggestion of the Latin teachers, from the famous Lex Gracchia of Roman Law, which provided for the presentation of the Latin equivalent of *Rice Crispies* to every Roman citizen. Instead of *Rice Crispies*, the school gives a bowl of *Wheaties* and cream to every possessor of two (2) censures, which may be obtained for various offenses, such as dumping sand on German teachers' desks, lighting firecrackers in teachers' lunches, or other similar demonstrations of animosity.]

(2) All other offenses are marked according to the individual teacher's inclination. Many of the transgressions, however, are marked in accordance with ordinance established by *The Order of The Purple Cow*. The O.P.C. is a secret organization of teachers, which meets after all faculty meetings in the bowels of the Incinerator Room, to decide the punishment of particularly gifted pupils, who show unusual ingenuity, originality, or verve. Under the direction of a hooded master, the victim is given the fourth declension until he tells why he put a Hoodie-cup on Homer's bust or committed some other outrage to classical tradition.

In conclusion, it is well to quote a section of the latest O.P.C. bulletin: "In order to make the misdemeanor-mark system more effective, we have decided on certain changes. Instead of starting each month with a clean sheet, we shall give 25 1/2 marks to every pupil and deduct the total number of marks received for the marking period. The remainder will be used in place of the total formerly received. In our opinion, this method will increase the good conduct of our students and will necessarily be reflected in the marks recorded upon the report card."

Each rule had been taken from Roman Law, which is used as the basis for many a code. For example, there is a provision for the marking of all boys caught looking over at Simmons. This rule is undoubtedly taken from *Le Canuleia*, which forbade the intermarriage of the classes. Another instance may be cited. It has been definitely stated that no guns shall be brought into the school. This ordinance comes from the Roman custom of the winning general's leaving his army outside the city.

Alumni Column

By HOWARD BADEN, '48 AND ARNOLD BAND, '46

[Even a casual observer will note that in almost every walk of life he may find an alumnus of Latin School distinguishing himself. In this column we endeavor to bring such men into the spotlight.]

Msgr. Delany, '68, recently died in Natick at the age of 96. He was one of the oldest Roman Catholic priests in the country.

. . . Father Maurice J. O'Brien, of St. Stephen's Church in the North End, has been cited for his excellent and inspiring work.

. . . Francis X. Cuddy, '35, has been elected to the House of Representatives. He attended Boston College Law School and is a veteran of World War II.

. . . Elliott Norton, '22, has received the annual citation of merit awarded by the Institute of Adult Education. Mr. Norton is the well-known dramatic critic, who was interviewed for the last issue of the *Register*.

. . . Herbert N. Siegel, '45, was elected to *Phi Eta Sigma*, the high scholastic honor society for freshmen at the University of Wisconsin.

. . . Peter Hines, '45, the "Charlie Chan" of the B.L.S., has been recently promoted to 5th Grade Technician in the Army.

. . . Sidney Myers, '46, of B.L.S. stage fame, is taking part in the play "The Monkey's Paw," by a newly formed dramatic group at Brown University.

. . . Alvin Aronson, '46, well known as a playwright and actor at B.L.S., recently inducted, is attending an Army clerical school in Virginia. Most of his free time is devoted to his favorite pastime — plays.

. . . Sidney Shostak and Morton Goldberg, both of '46, are two more recent additions to Uncle Sam's Army.

. . . Leo Karas, '46, and Sidney Fruman, '48, two more B.L.S. boys in the service, are headed overseas. "Sid" Fruman, a member of the U. S. M. C., is headed for China; while Leo (of the Army) is bound for Destination Unknown.

. . . William L. Langer, '12, recently received the Medal of Merit citation. Dr. Langer received this award for his brilliant work in directing the writings of surveys, handbooks, and guides for the Army and Navy. Dr. Langer is a professor of history at Coolidge University.

. . . Colonel Laurence E. Bunker, '20, is now Aide-de-Camp to General MacArthur in Tokyo. The Colonel, in the Army four years, has received the Distinguished Service Medal and the Legion of Merit.

. . . Elwood C. McKenney, '34, has been appointed as one of the three members of the F. E. P. C. by Governor Tobin.

. . . Daniel J. Lyne, '06, at the fall B.L.S. alumni reunion, received a silver plaque in recognition of his service to the School.

. . . Joseph P. Kennedy, '08, is one of the two men from the Archdiocese of Boston who recently were honored by the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre, Rome.

. . . Dr. Archibald T. Davison, '02, was recently married to Miss Alice E. Pratt of Connecticut. Dr. Davison, for many years director of Harvard Glee Club, is now James Edward Ditson Professor of Music and Curator of the Isham Memorial Library, Harvard University.

Our Lords and Masters



John Robert Brendan McCreech. . . . Has 303 as homeroom. . . . Teaches Class VI history. . . . Resides in Cambridge. . . . Born in New Rochelle, New York. . . . B.S. Fordham, '43. . . . President of class. . . . Graduate work at Harvard while assistant in Social Studies. . . . Instructor in English at Worcester College. . . . Co-faculty Adviser of Modern History Club. . . . Moderator Art and Aviation Clubs. . . . Member of Mass. Civic League. . . . In charge of Junior Red Cross in school. . . . Social Interest—Self-Evident. . . . B.L.S.

Andrew Sebastian Bertino. . . . Teaches Science and Mathematics in 335. . . . Born in East Boston. Resides in East Boston. . . . Graduated East Boston High School in '32. . . . B. C. in town '46. President of class. . . . Married. . . . One boy. . . . Advice to Latin School boys: "Go to Boston College."



David Miller. . . . Teaches Latin and German in 219. . . . Born in Chelsea. . . . Resides in Dorchester. . . . Graduated Chelsea High School, '31. . . . While at B.U. played basketball. . . . Married. . . . During war was a Special Agent in Counter Intelligence in Germany. . . . Was at Latin School '35-'39. . . . Interested in the theatre and sports. . . . Advice to Latin School boys: "Work hard, and you may succeed."



Something of Interest.



C. COLBY.

On December 23, 1946, Classes III and IV took part in the Hall for a Town Meeting sponsored by the Debating Club. This was the first in a series of four such assemblies scheduled for this school year. The question under discussion was "Can the U.N. Survive?" On the affirmative side were Robert Corcoran (301) and John Rexine (301) [substituting for Robert Bond (306)] and on the negative were Francis Irons (302) and George Mulhern (301). The questions from the audience were handled by Dr. Collins. Edmund Blake (303) acted as chairman. Mr. O'Leary gave the summation of the arguments of both sides of the questions.

The Glee Club, which traditionally displays its musical talents at the Christmas exercises, has for its officers this year: Edward Berman (302), *President*; H. Arthur Sugarman (306), *Vice-President*; Joseph Sullivan (302), *Secretary-Treasurer*; James Kenneally (203), *Librarian*.

On December 9, 1946, at 2:15 P.M., the Debating Society was host to the Junior Varsity Debating Team of Boston University. The question was again "Can the U.N. Survive?" "Bob" Corcoran (301) and "Bob" Bond (306), representing B.L.S., took the affirmative. Miss Dorothy Konopask and Mr. Rob-

ert Cirrello of B.U. took the negative. This was a no-decision debate.

In the recent Hearst History Contest held on Tuesday, November 26, 1946, Ernest Kruhmin (304) and Melvin Shefftz (304) were winners for B.L.S. In the later city finals, Ernest Kruhmin tied for first place, and Melvin Shefftz was in fourth place.

During the Christmas exercises, December 20, 1946, the Dramatics Club delighted the lower classes with an original play written by Paul McGillicuddy entitled "The Enchanted Christmas Tree." Included in the cast were "Ken" Gallant, John Rexine, and Frank Cadigan. . . . In the afternoon the upper classes were honored with the presence of the Rt. Rev. John D. Wright, a Latin School graduate, who gave an inspiring speech on the spirit of Christmas. Father Wright emphasized the need for spiritualism in this ever-growing "scientific world."

The new representative to the Rotary Club for the rest of the year is Philip T. Crotty (301).

John E. Rexine (301) has been selected to represent B.L.S. at the American Legion Oratorical Contest. Good luck, John!

In the recent *Boston Herald* Spelling Bee the following boys were winners:

Class IV: John J. Cadigan (103), Bertram J. Newman (135), James Donahue (123), William R. Svirskey (211), John P. Kowal (221), Paul J. Palmbaum (209), Edmund Buecigross (234), George M. Grass (323), William J. O'Connell (324), Joseph P. Sullivan (325), and Edward Owen (322) in third place, Ronald W. Jones (202) in second place, with Brian J. Lee (107) as the FINAL WINNER.

Class III: Ozer M. Norman (115), Daniel M. Davies (117), Thomas Sobol (124), Eli Young (132), John J. Materozzo (133), Milton R. Baker (134), Robert G. McWilliams (210), David R. Cooper (223), and Gerald Richmond (114) in third place, Anthony La Rosa (216) in second place, with Vincent G. O'Connell (316) as the FINAL WINNER.

Class II: Francis C. Collins (108), Eugene F. Higgins (118), Gerald Dia-

mond (203), Donald M. Pearlman (207), Robert H. Resnick (208), Bertram Shuman (235), and Gerald M. Eskin (121) in third place, Sydney S. Berg (220) in second place, with Richard James Shea (104) as the FINAL WINNER.

Class I: Joseph McSweeney (302), Isador Twersky (306), Herbert R. Lazarus (307), and Avram J. Goldberg in third place, Ernest Kruhmin (304) in second place, with John E. Rexine (301) as the FINAL WINNER.

In the Horticultural Club members are enjoying themselves and learning something at the same time. During the year slides on flowers and plants have been shown supplemented by talks by various members and by Mr. Wilbur, the faculty adviser. The officers this year: Paul W. Etter (306), *President*; Robert Bond (306), *Vice-President*; Paul W. McGillicuddy (306), *Secretary*; Gerald J. Foley (304), *Treasurer*.

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109	M	110	E	111	R	112		113	I	114	T	115	E	116	R	117		118	T	119	E
120	E	121	R	122		123	F	124	E	125	R	126		127	G	128	E	129	N	130	R
131		132		133		134		135		136		137		138		139		140		141	



Dec. 2: A most tranquil day. Eternal thanks are due for the ancient rule which prohibits tests the day after a vacation. . . . A brief tribute is appropriate to our courageous football team, who kept fighting when all seemed hopeless. No disgrace is theirs from the 19-0 loss.

Dec. 3: Getting back into Latin School routine is like stepping under a cold shower. B-r-r-r.

Dec. 4: Having thought of things about which to write for two months now, Ye R.R.R. has come to the decision that today is the most uneventful, most ordinary day this year. Absolutely nothing happened. -

Dec. 5: Mr. Dunn acquainted the Class I boys with the sad facts of Latin School life during Home Room Period. Oh, my aching wallet! I can see now why all graduates leave the school minus their shirts.

Dec. 9: Ted Murphy has suddenly found it difficult to find his friends. Beware, Class I; the esteemed Treasurer of your class is on the prowl. Tip to Class II: Start saving now.

Dec. 10: Your secret agent has uncovered the report, after we bared our manly torsos to the wintry blasts for hours in the yard for the benefit of photographers, the pictures are not going to be in *Life*. Thus the career of many a rising movie star is tragically nipped in the bud.

Dec. 12: Heard in the third floor corridors:

"What say, Joe?"

"Nuthin' . . ."

"You're secretary of the Science Club, aren't you?"

"Yup."

"Let's drop over to the drug store after school; I'll buy you a soda or something. . . . Now, about the Science Club. . ."

Dec. 17: Bless the honorable members of our esteemed School Committee. School closes on Friday, December 20, for Christmas vacation. All of the masters are sadistically pouring it on so that we'll appreciate the vacation all the more.

Dec. 18: Rehearsals for the annual Christmas exercises are going on behind barred doors and drawn curtains. To view them, one has to repeat the secret password, "Mark sent me."

Dec. 19: It is believed that a popular Latin teacher on the first floor is breaking under the strain. Last heard mumbling, "No Latin test tomorrow, boys; I don't believe in giving tests the day before a vacation."

Dec. 20: The boys in Classes I, II, III and IVA at first felt cheated when they missed the Christmas Play, starring Dr. Marnell's now famous collapsible Christmas Tree. They were amply repaid, however, by an inspiring speech by Father Wright.

Dec. 21-Jan. 2: Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Bless the man who invented vacations.

Jan. 2: Bleary-eyed students, showing the effects of the "vacation," were whipped back into line by refreshed masters in preparation for the final attack on the "colleges of their choice" (Oh, yeah?). The offensive is supervised by "Inside Information" Dunn, who may be seen conferring with his staff daily during Home Room and Phiz Ed Periods.

Jan. 3: No late slips were required today. *Ye R.R.R.* arrived in school at 8:50 and reported to his first class at 9:30. Well, my overshoes are extremely difficult to remove.

Jan. 6: "Jim" Savage's Latin School hoopsters have astounded all experts by whitewashing the Brandeis team, 48-0. Brandeis has claimed the ball was "loaded".

Jan. 7: Report cards:

Class VI boy—"But, sir, I deserve a 60."

Class III boy—"Sir, don't you think I deserve a 60?"

Class II boy—"Would you please check my mark, sir?"

Class I boy—"Most worshipful master, epitome of wisdom and intelligence, would you be so kind as to cast your all-seeing eyes on my record and perhaps change my mark, sire?"

Jan. 8: Latin School basketball team is unbeaten in two games. English has lost 2. Viva. . . . Wait! This sounds tragically familiar.

Jan. 9: Class I boys addressed letters to themselves in which graduate information will be sent to them. Advice to boys in lower classes: there's a much quicker way of getting out; just follow the little red arrows.

Jan. 13: *Heard in Hygiene classes*

Teacher: Do you file your finger nails?

Half-Wit: No! I throw them away.

Jan. 14: Elections started today for the Pepsi-Cola Scholarships. Flash—

Boston: Pepsi-Cola Sales Up 99%. . . . Two boys from each Senior room with highest number of bottle caps win.

Jan. 15: Final elections for Pepsi-Cola Scholarship today. Votes counted behind closed doors in the library. Burps heard echoing from Mr. Dunn's office. Mistakes in count thought by eminent physician, Dr. Schultz, to be due to tremendous potency of drink.

Jan. 17: The answer was given one week ago to the few (we hope) Latin School boys who don't get into college. Beautiful color movies were shown about the U. S. Coast Guard. Although an officer made the speech, we noticed it was a sailor who ran the camera.

Jan. 20: Feverish activity with school books was noticed by *Ye Invisible R.R.R.* on the part of certain Class I boys as the last week before the mid-year marks go into college starts. Well, it's *nunc sive numquam*.

Jan. 20: What noted chemist (?) had to use two Bunsen burners and a pack of matches to heat a test-tube?

Jan. 21: No boy may belong to more than two clubs. Undoubtedly to foil certain frustrated movie stars who enjoy having their pictures in the *Year Book* fifteen times.

Jan. 22: Music Appreciation Club met. The phonograph, like all concert artists, went temperamental. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony was finished, and how.

Jan. 23: I hear the hot breath of Mr. Marson, waving a deadline, on the back of my neck.

Jan. 24: One moment, Mr. Marson. . . . For some strange reason, obvious only to masters and upper classmen "in the know," school was dismissed at 2:05 today. Shhh, only the monthly fire drill.

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